

*Rick Lavo.*

# W E A L T H out-witted:

O R,

## MONEY'S an ASS.

A  
C O M E D Y.

Often Acted with good applause

---

Written by Tho: Jordan, Gent.

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*Et veniam pro laude peto, Laudatus abunde,  
Non fastidius si tibi Lettor ero.*

Mart. Epig.



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L O N D O N,

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Author



W.W. Greg  
Park Lodge  
1931



## *George Thorn-Drury.*

THE passing of George Thorn-Drury is a loss to English Literature which only those who are aware of the extent of his knowledge of our lesser known writers are able to appreciate. He was no mere collector, but a diligent student of the books he gathered together. The list of books published under his editorship is a small one, and does not by any means represent the sum of his contribution to the scholarship of his day, for out of the wealth of his learning he was ever ready to assist other workers in the field which was so much his own. He gave of his knowledge generously and without stint, and almost every living student of seventeenth-century literature has had occasion to acknowledge the valuable aid he unostentatiously gave. He was saturated with the spirit that filled the great collectors of the past—those who have done most to promote the study of English Literature—and I am sure the future will forge for him another link in the chain which binds together such honoured names as Luttrell, Bindley, Malone, Park, Bliss, Mitford and Haslewood.

Born in Canterbury in 1860, he was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Worcester College, Oxford. Called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1885 he was made a Bencher of his Inn in 1921. In 1913 he became K.C. and in 1920 Recorder of Dover. I think the time spent in his University days among the wonderful collection of books which his College possesses must have helped materially to implant in him the love of and for the books which he himself slowly gathered together, assisted perhaps by his early friendship with Harry Buxton Forman and Arthur H. Bullen. He began purchasing from my father in or about 1885. My father valued his friendship exceedingly and held him in the highest esteem. The friendship he bestowed upon my father he continued to myself, and it is with gratitude and in all sincerity I record the fact—no man could have or wish for better friend.

His methodical habit of jotting down every scrap of information that came to his hand, and the careful preservation of the same, will prove of the utmost value to future students. His annotated and enlarged copies of such books as Winstanley's Lives of the Poets, Langbaine's Dramatick Poets, Giles Jacob's Poetical Register, Cibber's Lives of the Poets, the Poems on Affairs of State and a long series of the works of séparée authors, contain the results of his labours, and form a mass of material that will rank with the Malone and Bliss collections already in the Bodleian, and serve as a lasting memorial to his memory.

PERCY J. DOBELL.

1 ACHILLES TATIUS.—THE LOVES OF CLITOPHON AND LEUCIPPE: a most elegant history, written in Greeke by Achilles Tatius and now Englished (by A. Hodges engraved title, sm. 8vo, straight-grained green morocco neat, gilt edges, bound by Riviere) A FINE LARGE COPY, VERY RARE, £18 18s  
*Oxford, printed by William Turner for John Allam, 1633*  
 Among the commendatory Poems is one by Richard Lovelace.

2 ADVICE TO SAPPHO, occasioned by her verses on the imitator of the first satire of the second book of Horace, by a Gentlewoman, folio, neatly half bound, FINE LARGE COPY, £2 2s  
*Printed for the Authoress, 1733*

3 AGAINST INGRATITUDE, satire the second, folio, neatly half bound, *Narcissus Luttrell's copy*, £1 1s  
 The Author arraigns the poets of the age for their neglect to lament the death of Lord Dorset

4 AMES (Richard) The Female Fire-ships: a satyr against whoring, in a letter to a friend just come to town, sm. 4to, quarter buckram, rare, £3 5s  
*Printed for E. Richardson, 1699*  
 With MS. notes by G. Thorn-Drury.

5 AMES (Richard) Sylvia's Revenge, or a Satyr against Man, in answer to the satyr against woman, sm. 4to, quarter buckram, a little stained, wants leaf before title (? blank or a half-title), £2 2s  
 With long manuscript note in Mr. G. Thorn-Drury's neat handwriting.  
 1688

6 AMHURST (N.) Protestant Popery, or the Convocation: a poem, address'd to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Bangor, *portrait of the Bishop*, LARGE AND THICK PAPER COPY, roy. 8vo, neatly half bound, £1 1s  
*Printed for E. Curril, 1711*

7 —— A Congratulatory Epistle, from His Holiness the Pope to the Reverend Dr. Snape, 8vo, neatly half bound, LARGE AND THICK PAPER COPY, 10s 6d  
*E. Curril, 1711*

8 —— The British General: a poem, sacred to the memory of His Grace John Duke of Marlborough, inscribed to the Right Honourable William, Earl Cadogan, LARGE PAPER COPY, roy. 8vo, neatly half bound, UNCUT, £1 1s  
 1722

9 AMHURST (Nicholas) *Caleb D'Antvers* A Collection of Poems on severall Occasions, publish'd in the *Craftsman*, 8vo, neatly half bound, FINE COPY, £1 1s  
 1733

o ANNE (Queen).—W. (E.) The Mourning Prophet, or Drooping Faction Reviv'd by the Death of Queen Anne: a poem, 8 ll., sm. 4to, neatly half bound, UNCUT COPY, 15s  
 1714

1 ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, the text revised and emended throughout by H. W. Dulcken, FIRST EDITION with the illustrations by Houghton, Tenniel, Pinwell, and others, engraved by the Brothers Dalziell, 2 vols, roy. 8vo, cloth gilt, £1 15s  
*Ward, Lock, 1863*

2 ART (THE) OF SCRIBBLING, addressed to all the scribblers of the age, by Scriblerus Maximus, folio, neatly half bound, £2 10s  
*A. Dodd, 1733*  
 Contains references to Shakespeare, Colley Cibber, Pope, and many other writers.

3 ARTICLES OF PEACE, or a Parcel of Safe Resolutions over a Glass of Claret [in verse], 2 ll., folio, neatly half bound, *Narcissus Luttrell's copy*, £1 1s  
 1701

4 ARWAKER (Edward) A Pindarick Ode upon our late Sovereign Lady of Blessed Memory, Queen Mary, black border and rulings on title, folio, neatly half bound, *Narcissus Luttrell's copy*, £1 1s  
 1695

5 —— The Vision: a pindarick ode, occasion'd by the death of our late Gracious Sovereign King Charles II., folio, bds., damaged copy, 7s 6d  
 1685

6 —— An Embassy from Heav'n, or the Ghost of Queen Mary: a poem, 4to, neatly half bound, UNCUT, stained copy, 15s  
 1704

7 ASGILL.—The Death and Burial of John Asgill, Esq., with some other verses, occasion'd by his books, sm. 4to, neatly half bound, very scarce, £2 10s  
*Dublin, 1702*

8 B. (J.) Henry and Minerva: a poem, 8vo, neatly half bound, FINE COPY, with half-title, £1 1s  
*J. Roberts, 1729*

o BABER (John) To the King upon the Queens being deliver'd of a Son  
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*y Riviere*

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This is a private issue of the play published in 1668  
as Money is an Ass. I have not heard of any other  
copy.

*Rick Lavo.*

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Non fastidius si tibi Letitor ero.*

*Mart. Epig.*



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L O N D O N,

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Author

H. T. L. A. S. - W.

: botjiw-wuo

22A m'g YENYOM

A  
C O M D Z

Openning with a biffle hole

Wardrobe Top w/ Q's

Wardrobe Top w/ Q's  
Wardrobe Top w/ Q's  
Wardrobe Top w/ Q's  
Wardrobe Top w/ Q's



W o d e n

Priced with Picture for the use of the  
Author



To the Noble Nourisher, Prudent Preser-  
ver, and Cheerfull Cherisher of all ver-  
ous Wit, and Laudable Learning.

JOHN PHÆDRUS, Esq;

In such a Season (which sometimes falls out  
With many very busied Men no doubt)  
When you are free from all such thoughts and  
As do attend your secular Affairs, (Cares,  
Those stirring Studies that are spent upon  
Publick and private Preservation,  
In your Complacent Humour, when you find  
Your Self dispos'd in Body and in Mind,  
For Jocularity; When y're at Leisure,  
To turn all trivial Objects into Pleasure!  
When to your Recreation all things bowe,  
(In brief) when you have nothing else to do,  
Peruse this Comedy: For every Rhyme  
There to be Read, was Writ at such a Time:

If

*The Epistle.*

If, as 'twas writ, it may be read, this *Prefent*  
Will not appear Improper or Unpleasant.  
Errours you'll find good store, which, if you do  
Pray pardon them, they'll serve to Laugh at too;

Although I Gueſſ your Inclinations be,  
Not given to *Dramatick Poesie*.

Yet, since it is the pleasure of this Age,

To Re-erect the Ruins of the Stage;  
And put Her in such Dignity and Splendor,  
That *Italy* it ſelf may now attend Her.

I hope You will not with an angry Look,  
Perufe your *Name* prefixed to this Book.

This Play was writ by *Me*, & pleas'd the Stage  
When I was not full fifteen Years of Age.  
But ne're in Print till now; If rawly Writ,  
Consider 'twas *subannuated Wit*:  
Callow Conceptions, new come to the Light,  
Which ſince are Flesh'd & Fledg'd for freer flight.  
Those days were spent in Love-lines, Drolls and Laughter;  
Tis time now to be serious; hereafter  
To younger Heads, I'le leave these Ayre things,  
And plume my *Poetry* with *Pious Wings*.

*Continuing, in all Conditions, your  
Gratefully Humble Servant,*

*Tho. Jordan.*



# Moneys an Ass.

## Act the First,

Enter Mr, *Featherbrain*, Solus,

*Feath.*

**A**L's lost, Pox oth Dice, Fortune hath spun me a fair  
thred, the Devil reel it, me thinks I walk like one,  
that left himself in pawn, at an Ordinary, I mean  
his Reputation, and now my Sattin is converted to modest stuff,  
my *Quandam* Associates look upon me as upon a man scarce  
within ken: and Isaieth I having a spice, oth.— Gentleman in  
me, take as little notice of them— Oh yeuth what has thy  
prodigallity brought thee to, the time was, I have not had  
so much time, as to talk to my selfthus, But Poverty, is an  
Excommunicate and there is no purchasimg of an absolution, with-  
out ready moncy— oh,— he is the honestest Rogue in the  
world, if he were not so fugative, I had the happiness to see him  
tother day, he was so busie betwixt a young Heir, and a Usurer,  
he loves a Lotterie with his heart, But if he but look on an Hos-  
pital the Gout takes him this is he,  
as I take it, I Cannot very well  
tell, he is almost become my smal  
Acquaintance, and that's his Nin-  
gle Credit, goes Cheek by Choul with him— I would fain  
endeer my self Noble Mr. Money, Kind Mr. Credit,

Enter Money  
and Credit.

*Mo.* Ningle Credit, dost thou know this fellow.

*Cred.* Why do you injure me so, Ningle Money.

*Mo.* Injure thee, how.

*Cred.* Why in having an Ambiguous thought

I should know a man, that looks so like a ——

*Fea.* Theif or Cutpurse, I warrant, let me help you with a  
terme Sir — a poor Gentleman, and it please you

*Cred.* I was eene thinking upon as bad a Terme

*Mo.* Why he knows thee, it seems.

*Cred.* Say you so, let me look better upon him.

*Fea.* And your worship would please to remember, I have  
been often in Company with you, as I remember, and the last place  
I see you in, was at in and in, in *Grayes Inn* you slipt from me the  
strangest.

*Cred.* Upon my credit Ningle I remember him -- he told me  
so, for he would have had me past my word for Twenty pounds to  
old Clutch the hoorder, to whose Daughters, we are now repairing.

*Mo.* I do remember you Prodigal Sir.

*Fea.* That's my Character indeed.

*Mo.* You parted Slightly from me, and for which cause you  
may associate your self with Mr. Penniless, hee's a most fit com-  
panion, and will not leave your company so soon.

*Fea.* Thank you Sir, most kindly --- the mean time, lend me  
Ten pounds, this Gentleman your Ningle, will pass his word.

*Cred.* No not I, I must not injure to my friend, I am many  
Millions in his debt already.

*Mo.* Come Ningle will you walk.

*Cred.* Willingly.

*Fea.* Hark you Sir, bark you, or will you but dictate a --

*Cred.* Stay stay, I love to understand things as I goe, what do  
you mean Sir to dictate,

*Fea.* Why Sir, write a Letter Two or Three lines to your  
Mercer in my behalf, to put my self in better habit.

*Cred.* Pray pardon me Sir I did think that Dictate, had no good  
meaning Sir, when you can Dictate, into favour again with my  
friend I shall give you more Audience — Audience theres another  
word for your Dictate, and so farewell to you Sir.

*Exit Money and Credit.*

*Fea.*

*Fea.* Mr. Money, Mr. Credit, Gentlemen a word more gone,  
 may the Goute take one, and the Devil crack t'other, I need not  
 Curse them, for by their own works they are entring into a Con-  
 sumption, Old Clutch the grand Devil of Usury he has a necessa-  
 ry Damnation for them both (his two Daughters) necessary evils,  
 to train them, well in the days of old, when any fortunes flori-  
 sh'd they have both look'd on me, as no unworthy object, if I had  
 and Itch that way these two Rogues, would be my Antagonists, if  
 my brains have not gone more after mony, and credit, I shall  
 have that in Agitation, may do me a pleasure in my time of need  
 and make of these Chymists Asses.

*\*Tis hatching be it sucessful, If it prove*

*My los's, but gets me Wis'dome, Wis'dome Love,*

(Exit.)

## Scene the Second.

Enter Clutch Felixina and Feminia.

*Clutch.* Come my *Felixina*, dear *Feminia*, fie pine no more,  
 husbands are now in search, but I would match you richly, richly  
 Girls — and please your own minds too, *Felixina* I know you  
 think worthyly of Mr. *Money*.

*Felix.* I never saw him yet Sir :

*Clutch.* Right, why doe I say you think but worthyly of him  
 for when you shall but see him (oh) joyful sight you will admire  
 him then.

*Felix.* He is your object then, therefore rending my obedi-  
 ence to your Age I willingly embrace him.

*Clutch.* Thou woul'dt say thus I know

*Th'art my obedient Girl continue soe*

*Felix.* Tis well he spoke it for me, for I protest 'twas far from  
 my thought, in this case my mind tells me, 'twill have it's own  
 dispose for all your Avarice, your will.

*Fem.* You are always talking to her of Husbands, and Sutors  
 but you forget for me, I wis, I am as sick oth Maiden disease as  
 my Sister, for all she is my elder.

*Clutch.* And you shall both be cured if *Money* and *Credit* be prevailing Physicians, did not I tell thee of Mr. *Credit*.

*Fem.* No, O my credit Sir.

*Clutch.* O thy *Credit*, and thy *Credit* shall he be Ifaith *Calumney*, within there — *Calumney*.

*Calum.* Did you call Sir.

*Clutch.* Is not this the day and hour *Money* and *Credit* were to keep their words with me,

*Calum.* Yes, but Ile be hang'd, and some such Rogue as your self, such a Hell Jaw, do not twallow them before you see them.

*Clutch.* Say not so, good *Callumney*, put me in better comfort.

*Callum.* The Devil put you in comfort, hee's like to be better rewarded, than I, me thinks he might be more Officious, for 'twill not be long, ere he must receive his due, when is you Leafe out Sir.

*Fem.* But hast not thou seen thy Golden Sweet-heart, yet.

*Felix.* Nor ever care, unless he be of the true Coyn and currant mettle.

*Fem.* But I hope you'l be a good child, and do as your Father bids you.

*Felix.* What need you care, you shall be married with *Credit*.

*Fem.* And you to *Money*, then we will call Sisters no more but Ningles, as our Husbands do.

*Clutch.* Good *Callumney* be Officious 't shall be for thy good, I have a Trap for *Money*, do thou but ayd, thou shalt supplant him, and marry my Eldest Daughrer, contein thy sullen Humour tip thy tongue with words more flattering,

*Callum.* You'l be hang'd, ere you'l keep your word.

*Clutch.* Doeſt think, I am a Pagan.

*Callum.* You are a Userer, and that's Couzen German, let the Devil be Judge — but ile believe you, and on these conditions endeavour for you all that I can,

*Aſide*  
Heeres the Fathers Consent, if I can but obtain the squeamest Whenchess --- she looks upon me with no scornful eye ; Ile put fair for it could I but rule my tongue, there were ſome hope.

*Enter Money  
and Credit.*

*Clutch.* Practise my Counſell,

See

See they ate, Arriv'd kind Mr. Money let me hugg thee, let me imbrace thee, thy voice is heavenly Musique, thy face bewitches th'art my dearest Idol.

*Callum.* Now the Devil huggs his darling.

*Clutch,* Next Mr. Credit, ye are a pair of Creatures the whole world adores, and happiest am I that must enjoy ye, I am divided twixt ye, you inseperable souls.

*Mo.* We keep our words you see.

*Cred.* VVe are not meerly Promisers.

*Clutch,* VVhy look you now, you'lt make me angry with you do ye think I had a thought, you were unjust no by my honesty-----these are my Daughters Gentlemen, two bashful younglings about their years, it was my fault I faith, which since I must confess I have amended.

*Callum.* I fear money will be my rival, the Rogue hath a bewitching Countenance, I wonder the wench looks with no more affectionate eye upon him, fate has ordain'd her mine.

*Mo.* Pardon my boldnes Lady, 'tis a fault has been by all excused, me that now I am to seek of Modesty, to court so fair a Mistris.

*Felix.* Yet you are mine, best beauty.

*Callum.* This Money has an excellent tongue.

*Cred.* By Credits self, an Oath, I dare not break, I am your infinite admirer.

*Fem.* Are you Cadeedlo.

*Cred.* I dare not take that Oath, unless I knew the meaning.

*Fem.* Oh me do you not know the meaning of Cadeedlo.

*Cred.* No i'l assure you.

*Fem.* I'l tell you then, in that one word Cadeedlo, is concluded, all the Oaths man can invent.

*Cred.* 'Tis a most dangerous Oath, but yet her beauty so enticeth me, that rather then i'l loose her love, i'l undertake to swear it,---- Then Lady that you may believe, I do admire you, and in that admiration, give my self your Zealous Lover, to you I swear, Cadeedlo I admire you.

*Cal.* Go thy ways, thou deserv'it her, for thou has sworn most desperately for her.

*Clutch,* Take no repulse----- be not slightly denied,

Musique

Musique, Oh Heavenly; *Shakes moneys*  
*cat.* Now the Devil whispers them i'th' ears,  
*Clutch,* A handsome mans Daughter---- mark but his sweet  
 Language, my own Boys both,

*Mo.* If you'd desire an Oath, by this pure Gold----,  
*Clutch,* Tak's Oath Daughter, tak's Oath, 'tis a rich protestation,  
 not us'd by every Gallant (*Calum*) I have not seen so many  
 good faces this two dayes.

*Felix.* 'Tis your will Sir,

*Mo.* Pray take it, I have an Exchequer, more, stands ready for  
 thee, and by that Gold, made purer by your hand I am your Honouster.

*Felix.* I do not question the nobleness of your love, which you  
 term Honour, but give me so sure the freedome of my soul to  
 contemplate before I give you Answer.

*Mo.* I did not love you, if I should not command your time.

*Felix.* One day no more,

*Mo.* Willingly, most willingly.

*Calum.* But one day I must prevent you, Love and  
 Policy be my Aid.

*Cred.* Will you not swear then.

*Fem.* To what Sir.

*Cred.* Why, that you admire me, as I admire you.

*Fem.* Indeed, I do admire you.

*Cred.* Indeed, Pox of indeeds, swear me Cadeedlo.

*Fem.* As I am virtuous I admire you.

*Cred.* What care I for your vertue---- whats that to Cadeedlo  
 the Oath I swore.

*Fem.* Pardon me Sir-- -, pray hear me Sir.

*Clutch,* VVhat is the difference between you.

*Fem.* Ther's no difference Sir, we, we Sympathize infinitly,

*Clutch,* I am glad on't.

*Cred.* A word with you Sir, you know your language , better  
 then I, pray what does she mean by Sympathize.

*Clutch,* Sympathize, do you not know the meaning of Sympathize,  
 come hither *Calumney*, what is Sympathize,

*Calum.* To concurr I think.

*Clutch,* VVhat was it Sir Sympathize, this roguish girls, trou-  
 bles

bles all our Noddles with hard words ; they did not come to her by the Fathers side, I am sure, why Sympathize is to concurr.

*Cred.* To concurr, that's true, for indeed we did begin to snarl one at another---- Yet there is some other meaning Ningle Money, a word with you, you are not busie are you, what is the meaning, of concurr, if you know not ask your Mistress;

*Felix.* VVhy concurr, is to Sympathize Sir.

*Cred.* And Sympathize, is to concurr---- Sir, what is meant by Sympathize, or concurr, i'l keep to my self. But your Daughter might use me more kindly.

*Clutch, Feminia,* wher's your duty, I must intreat I must.

*Fem.* Sir, he would have me swear affection to him ere I have made least Tryal of Love.

*Cred.* No peace flattering Women, did not I swear Cadeedlo to thee.

*Fem.* And i'l swear the like to you by and by if you'l be patient.

*Cred.* Well, then I am content, if you do not your Father has Ears.

*Fem.* And you have a tongue, I make no question you'l remember my Taffaty, will you not.

*Cred.* When you have sworne much may be thought upon.

*Clutch,* Come gallants will you in, Calumney, is the meat come from the Cooks.

*Calum.* 'Tis gone for Sir,

*Clutch,* After dinner finish your discourse, and make an end of all, come my dear Sons welcome.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

## Act the Second, Scene the First.

Enter one way Featherbrain, at the other Captain Pennyless.

*Cap.* What an Ass is he that waits a hum, hum, leasure, fa la, hum, hum, hum, fa la hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, umph, hum, hum, hum, pleasure hum, hum, happiness may be rob'd of hope, and treasure, hum, in-  
constancy.

*Pennyless  
Sings.*

*Fea.* A third man, a third man, a third man.

*Cap.* What untuned tones of mandrakes, drills my ears.

*Fea.* I 'tis an untunable air, I must confess noble *Captain Pennyless*, as I take it.

*Cap.* No you are much mistaken, your ordinary friend *Pennyless the Noble*, is brought to nine pence I assure you, prethy *Frank* (if thy infatiable gain by winnings have not converted thy free soul to avarice, lend thy friend *Pennyless* half a peece.

*Fea.* Half a peece.

*Cap.* I, I, half a peece, no more, when fortune betters my abi-  
lity I will repay thee double.

*Fea.* Two Crowns.

*Cap.* I, I, two Crowns though they want weight *Frank*, 'tis no matter I know thou guessest my occasion ha thou knowest, they will go there.

*Fea.* Thou would'st be prodigal agen.

*Cap.* No I assure you *Frank* I will be very frugal go with me, and see else, i'l only bet small bets man, I have a conceit beyond thy apprehension I have been taught it since poverty feiz'd upon me.

*Fea.* Ten shillings.

*Cap.* Why, I, but ten shillings, it may do me ten pounds worth of good, for my luck comes in to day, have mark't it, i'l warrant thee a peece, within this two hours.

The Rogue's so loath to part from money.

*aside*

Prethy *Frank*; let me entreat thee,

*Fea.*

*Fea.* I have not seen half a peece, two Crowns, or ten shillings  
these ten days.

*Cap.* Pheu i'l nere believe that, lend me a Crown then, or half  
a Crown.

*Fea.* Eighteen pence would not do much amiss.

*Cap.* Since thou art so sparing lend me that.

*Fea.* Faith I want sixpence on't.

*Cap.* Pox lend me that twelve-pence, then.

*Fea.* Art not thou a mad Rogue to abuse thy friend thus?

*Cap.* How abuse thee.

*Fea.* Why in offering to borrow money of me.

*Cap.* Say you so, i' st now grown to an abuse, it has not been so  
Frank in my Golden Age, I have been your Exchequer, Oh what  
a saving age (ere long) will be when  
Prodigals, imbrace frugality, fare-  
well to you Sir, thus your abuser  
vanisheth.

Offers to go  
away.

*Fea.* No, no, pretty do not vanish yet.

Why thou Son of incredulity, can thy Conscience beget so evil a  
thought, that (if I had but half a peece) (although diispos'd of ) I  
would not lend it thee.

*Cap.* You would not be abus'd so.

*Fea.* Oh my life, and my disguised Gentility.

Canst thou imagine I would content my Corps with this unsavory  
stuff, that girds my loins,

*Cap.* Why art thou monyless.

*Fea.* As sure as thou art Captain Pennyless.

*Cap.* Hath in, and in, confounded thee too.

*Fea.* I, the curse of Orphants light on't.

*Cap.* Forgive me I must confess I have.

Abus'd thee then.

*Fea.* And thou must make me amends, ere I part with thee, tell  
me has not despair, hung plunamets on thy Soul, too heavy for a  
hope to keep't from sinking.

*Cap.* I am almost discouraged.

*Fea.* A Captain and discouraged---- away---- do not make me  
out of conceit with thee, I tell thee, I have wheels a going in this  
Noddle, beyond the power of Fortune, do thou be but one of my

Engines

**Enginet,** I dare warrant thee peece upon peece, Boy.

**Cap.** Oh those sweet words, peece upon peece begets more courage in me, then Sack or Medea,---- command me I am thy instrument.

**Fee.** Thy very words are musick to me, dost thou know whose house this is.

**Cap.** Yes, old Clutches, a fellow for nothing so fit as to stand for a Statue, in Mammons counting house, and appears to me like a Devil, that did weekly counterfeit Man, meerly made for *deception* & *trifles*, marry ther's a pretty Virgin in this enchanted Castle would I were her Knight.

**Fee.** Why who bid thee tell my tale, before me, thou more then Edipus, of wit that canst expound before the Proposition, yet since you have discharg'd my Theam, let me extemporize, there are in this Castle, two Virgins who now are solicited, by two commanding Gyants, o'th time Money and Credit, so powerful that unless we do prefer, Pollicy before strength of Limb, we are like to be vanquished.

**Cap.** I very likely, for I am not of Ability to keep the Devil from dancing in my pocket.

**Fee.** Not I,

**Cap.** No we shall be wise Politians I make no question, this is not the way (for ought I know) to get peece upon peece, yet thou tell'st me their strength, I know they are able, to put an hundred of us to the sword.

**Fee.** Thou wilt with one edge, is it not Policy, first to ruminate upon the Enemies strength, before we can make preparation for the conspiracy which now shall be demonstrated, look there I have compleatly counterfeited the hand of Credit in a Letter, to some of his Creditors, where we shall be sure of Cloaths, rich, neat, and all things correspondent.

**Cap.** I do begin to relish thee now, this is next door to peece upon peece, forward my Mercury.

**Fee.** Being thus habited I know where to procure some Cash.

**Cap.** Now 'tis coming.

**Fee.** And so well arm'd, we'll watch the time we may approach this Castle.

**Cap.** But may we have admittance,

**Fee.**

*Fee.* Fear it not, from such Imbrodery, unto the plainer Satin, all may be welcome, he does maintain his Family, with their Sutors, though his chief end, is to match them to Money and Credit.

*Cap.* There is a great Operation in this Plot, and may a Jew beat me out of my Gentility : if I do not applaud thee fort, shall we put it in practise, come, Oh I long to exchange my habit, me thinks I walk in state agen.

*Fee.* But you shall be true to me you Rogue, and not in the midle of a Project leave me and return to your old confusion gaming.

*Cap.* If I doe, may I dye Shirtless, and be buried in the highway twixt St. Johns-street and Islington,

*Fee.* I take you at your word, come goe with me.

*Cap.* With as much Joy, as the wild beasts had when they followed the Thracian Fidler, what an Asse is he that waites a Womans leisure.

( Sings.)

( Exeunt.)

Enter Clutch. Money and Credit. Felixina and Feminia;

*Clutch.* Will you be gon so soon Ladds.

*Mo.* Sir. our occasions are so urgent, you must excuse us.

*Clutch.* And whether do you wend I faith.

*Cred.* But to the Exchange,

*Clutch.* Oh you, expect good tydings Mr. Money.

*Mo.* A little Barbery durt.

*Clutch.* Hum, Barbery durt, I would I were up to'oth knees in't, oh how happy are the Fishes in Tagus Chanel, when will you return again.

*Mo.* To morrow this time,

*Clutch.* A year of Torments, Daughter, come hither Daughter, thou canst prevail with him, promise him any thing, thought be the thing ( though it be ) thou understandst me, the thing ye wet on, so he will stay this night with us, He have a Parson early in the morning, shall make all good.

*Felix.* O hell bread, Avarite,---- I will sit---- Sit a word with you.

*Mo.* Your pleasure *Mrs.*

*Felix.* My Father earnestly desires your stay, but trust me, whilst you are here I can resolve on nothing, but your absence this short time will beget in me some resolution.

*Mo.* I will obey you Lady.

*Fem.* Sir you have forc'd an Oath from me would make a Virgin tremble to relate, But to you my tongue should neer pronounce it.

*Cred.* Well we are one then and I would give you now, a nearer name then *Mrs.*, a name given at the first sight.

*Fem.* Please you sir, Call me Spouse.

*Cred.* Tis a most fitting term; Spouse it shall be--- and do you call me--- head.

*Fem.* Nothing but head Sir.

*Cred.* No, nothing but head, till we are married.

*Fem.* Then Ie exalt your name Sir.

*Cred.* Gramercy Spouse,

*Fem.* But sweet head, be not prolix in your designes, each hour will be to me a long olympiad.

*Cred.* But hark you Spouse I do not love you should talk so like a Conjurer I cannot understand your prolix nor your Olympads.

*Fem.* I shall studie more easie phrases Sir.

*Cred.* Prithee do, farewell sweet Spouse, come Ningle you are too tedious.

*Clutch.* Youl stay Sir, will you not.

*Mo.* Indeed I cannot.

*Clutch.* One hugg sweet friend.

(Huggs him.)

*Mo.* Farewel Sir--- farewel Ladies'

*Clutch.* Ile see you out of Doors Gentlemen.

*Ambo:* We thank you Sir-----

*Exeunt.*

*Manet the Daughters.*

*Fem.* How now Ningle ist a match is this the *Ne plus ultra;* of men, when do you Comit as they lay, when must the dangerous words (I will) Be pronounced,

*Felix.* Do you speak to me Sister,

*Fem.*

*Fem.* To you, who else, I do not use to talk to my self.

*Felix.* Prethy be not angry, your words carry a sence concerns me so little, I thought you had.

*Fem.* Are you minded to marry, sweet Lady.

*Felix.* Marry, yes.

*Fem.* This Man.

*Felix.* What Man.

*Fem.* The Gold, and silver man.

*Felix.* I know not what thou meanest.

*Fem.* Hey da, the wench is mad ( why Mr. Money).

*Felix.* Oh the Trash my Father brought--- I had almost forgat him.

*Fem.* That's very well Ifaith no sooner out of sight but out of mind, he is much beholden to you, I care not much if I ran after him and tell him so.

*Felix.* No prethe, my Father will be angry.

*Fem.* Uds me do ye cry, this is not time to jest, why weep you Sister.

*Felix.* Sure you deceive your self.

*Fem.* Most sure I do not.

*Felix.* Tis but a duty my Eyes ow to my Fathers name.

*Fem.* Ye are a dutiful Child I protest, but is there not somthing else, belongs to't more then your meer duty, how long hath this been a custome with ye.

*Felix.* Not long.

*Fem.* Nay prethe tell me Fe. did you not witha'l, think of that young Gentleman, that brought the morgage, to my Father, whom you did praise so much, and look upon so often, when you did wish, would you had such a Brother.

*Felix.* Beshrew your tongue, you'l try if I can weep.

*Fem.* Was that the Master Vein, had you not rather have him, then Mr. Money, de you smile I can't blame you, come tell me, ye are grown close brested, now, there was a time when I knew all your secrets.

*Felix.* That time is still *Feminia*, go in with me and ile reveal more, then thou shalt believe if thou hast love and duty in thy Soul, thou shalt be angry with me for my news and though (heaven knowes) I will speak nothing but truth, thou wilt call me

wie Forgeresse notorious Lyar, think me a Bastard born; and begot when lust and mischeif were incorporate, it is a truth so strange.

Fem. 'Tis very strange, indeed, come ile attend you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Calumny.*

Cal. Cut's throat, poysen him, that will not do the Rogue hath rich Friends, I shall be sure to truss fort, and 'tis a question, whether she'l beg me from the Gallows, clip him, make him uncurrant that's worse, 'tis petty Treason, I shall have my Limbs devided, and hung up for Crowes meat, set his houise a fire and melt him in the flame that's pritty well, but I should be discovered danger would approach, and few will speak a good word, for *Callumny*, was ever Lover so perplext as I, there is no way left but with toyes of Loveto solicite the Lady, I have been held a handsome good conditioned man, among the *Jewes*, marry the *Gentiles* hate me, yet I was the illigitimate of a Gentleman my Mother said.

Clatch. Callumny, Callumny.

Calum. Well— now Faustus calls his *Mephostophilis*.

Ile think on something, if it take effect,  
Let it be Quoted down, Calumnies A&.

### Act the Third, Scene First.

*Enter Captain Penniless and Frank Featherbrain.*

Fee. **T**Ho'art the impatientest A&s I have convers'd with.

Cap. Right.

Fee. What though this project fail, are there no more shall we give up the Cardes, ere, we have play'd a trick.

Cap. A trick.

Fee. I tell thee I have a brain, never barren of invention!

Cap.

*Cap.* No, no.

*Fea.* Though I have mis'd the first (as wonder 'tis) think'st thou my Sconce, quite empty of fegaries.

*Cap.* Fegaries.

*Fea.* Yes tricks, inventions, and fegaries, you Slave enough to undo a generation of Matchevils, for all my first comes off with a hiss, thou shalt applaud me ere, I come to my Exit.

*Cap.* And we shall be sure of Cloaths, neat, rich and all things correspondent.

*Fea.* Well do but follow my Counsel, i'l make true my words i'l warrant thee.

*Cap.* peece upon peece.

*Fea.* Why thou despairing varlet: if thou wert not a Captain I would beat thee to pin dust, thou dost put me to more vexation, then my own unhappines.

*Cap.* Was that Mony, came Jingling by us in *Cheapside*.

*Fea.* Why who should it be else prethy.

*Cap.* I scarce knew him i'th old stamp, I have not seen him, in Trunks a long time---- tother was credit, was it not,

*Fea.* Marry was it.

*Cap.* He's chang'd too, he was in a Gentile habit not long since, now he's become a Citizen again.

*Fea.* Why I, he was no company for you Gallants long, and when he saw his simpleship abused, he made return unto his City friends, where I faith the Merchant's hugg him.

*Cap.* Where doth he keep house.

*Fea.* Within the compals of the City Walls, hic & ubique.

*Cap.* Think you, he would sinell a courtier in such tilgize as this.

*Fea.* O Pox, I he'l know him by his hard words (man) he will trust no body, but those he understands, without Security, which is more then thou understand'st I am sure, (besides) thou hast been one of his notorious abusers, and he will be cheated in the way of Friendibility, (as your word is,) no more, but a Pox on this incredulous Mercie, that will trust no body, without Money or Credits self, these are fellows, whose compositions are, a Grain of Conscience, a Dram of Suits (and I was about to say) a Scruple of Religion, but i'l leave that out, 'tis an unusual Drugg, yet it may

may in, 'twil scarce be tasted am'gst a pound of Lies, as much ef  
Oaths besides odd ouences of equivocating protestations---- as I  
am an honest man,---- and such like---- may they live to see their  
Sons made courtiers, that's enough I make no question then, but  
that they will come into our erder (or worse) and curse the next  
o'th brood, as we do.

*Cap.* Yet you were confident, sure (as you said) of Cloaths,  
rich, neat, and all things else correspondent---- raiz'd me from a  
shallow desperation to lay me deeper.

*Fee.* Give ear to me now *Ben.* (let me see) we are not in such  
extraordinary rich cloaths but that we may pass for Servingmen.

*Cap.* Had you said for Sharks, we might have both gone toge-  
ther.

*Fee.* Right, We must Shark our Melancholy *Mounſiere* (but as  
I was saying,) I left off at Serving-men.

*Cap.* Yours have left off, i'm sure.

*Fee.* As Serving-men, to Money and Credit.

*Cap.* I'll be hang'd, if they give such bad Liveries to their  
Lackeys.

Thou run'st before me still, hang Liveries, hear me out, by this  
means we will have accels unto the Wench's, this is the house,  
i'll knock and to e'm straight, whilst the conceit is hot.

*Cap.* Is this your project, prethy come away, and leave your  
Fecoling.

*Fee.* Stay but a minute, see me in and hang thy self.

*Cap.* Thank you heartily.

*Calum.* How now, who's there. *Enter Calumney to the Captain.*

*Fee.* Stand to your businels (you Rog'e) all's mard else.

*Cap.* Not unlikely.

*Fee.* Is Mr. *Clutch*, within I pray Sir.

*Calum.* Within yes, what of that.

*Cap.* What of that, Why we would speak with him.

*Fee.* Modestly good *Ben.* this is one ef *Plutres* Dan:me's , we  
must through Hell to the Heaven, we hope for.

*Calum.* I think you come to rob him, do you not.

*Cap.* What a Rogue's this, my valour do's begin to rise at him  
do thou speak now, I shall beat him like a Dog else.

*Fee.*

*Fea.* Thou art a most valiant Rascal---  
Sir, your name is Mr. *Callumney* as I take it.

aside

*Cap.* I thought so.

aside

*Callum.* Yes Sir, my name is, Mr. *Callumney*.

*Cap.* Good Mr. *Callumney*, you are my near Kinsman my father  
was a malice, and my mother a mischief, I am sure we give both  
one arms the three furious tongues in Sables, i'st not so Sir,

*Callum.* Yes, an envies head in the crest.

*Cap.* Very proper.

aside

*Fea.* And the *Motto* is, avoid honesty.

*Callum.* Very right Sir,--- I see I am a Gentleman--- Sir i' I  
call my master instantly. Exit *Callumney*

*Fea.* Do sweet Cozen.

*Cap.* Go thy ways, thou hast held a Candle before the Devil.

*Fea.* A ha, what think you now Ben.

Enter *Clutch*, and *Callumney*.

*Clutch.* Speak with me, who are they.

*Callum.* I know not who they are Sir, there they be.

*Clutch.* Would you speak with me Gentlemen.

*Fea.* Sir, my Mr. Master *Mony*.

*Cap.* And mine Sir, Mr. *Credit*.

*Fea.* Commend their loves to you.

*Clutch.* You are welcome, heartily Welcome.

*Fea.* You have two daughters Sir.

*Clutch.* Their wives that shall be.

*Fea.* True Sir, we have Letters to them from our Masters to  
the same purpose, we were withall commanded to be speedy in  
the delivery.

*Clutch.* I stay you too long then, in, in Gentlemen--- *Callumney*  
Lead um in. Exit.

*Callum.* Well.

*Clutch.* Now are the Woodcocks spring'd,--- my plots run fine  
Surfeit my Soul, Money and Credits mine.

D

Enter

## Enter Felixina and Feminia.

*Fem.* With grief I do believe you Sister, you must impute it to his Avarice, that sinks all goodness to oblivion.

*Felix.* That is the drugg, (whose philterous, effect, stronger then poppey, or *Mandragora*) charms all his vertues in a lasting sleep, oh that my prayers, could wake his deep drencht soul my words should carry a far louder sound, then does the Midnight Bell, whose ring reports to the Inhabitants some fatal fire.

*Fem.* Well, but you will not have my Ningle Money.

*Felix.* No as I hope to embrace a noble spirit.

*Fem.* And your mind is fixt upon that nobler spirit, you speak of.

*Felix.* On him or no man, ---- But you will have Credit will you not.

*Fem.* Oh, my head we are contracted woman.

*Felix.* Sure you but jest.

*Fem.* In earnest we have exchang'd sound protestations.

*Felix.* Protestations, how sound I pray.

*Fem.* Why he swore Cadeedlo to me, and I the like to him, with many other to the same purpose. -- (moreover) he calls me Spouse (already) and I call him head, but the youngster (Sister) the youngster.

*Felix.* Prethy do not talk of him, thou wilt put me to impatience.

*Fem.* Come i'l plot for thee, I have a conceit in this unhappy pate of mine, shall bring him, flying to thee,---- how now who have we here.

## Enter Clutch, Calumney, Featherbrain, and Pennilefs.

*Felix.* My father and some strangers,  
*Clutch,* How now daughters so earnest, I have good news for you,--- you Girls worth Gold,

*Felix.* Or is it new coyn'a Sir.

*Clutch,* Note, that she harps upon your masters name already.

*Fea.* She's a wit I protest Sir,

*Clutch,*

*Clutch*, A notable girl, a notable girl.

*Fea*. Fairest my master Mr. Money commanded me!

*Fem*. Oh me my sister sinks.

*Felix*. *swounds*.

*Cap*. Hey day I hope he hath kill'd the Gentlewoman and brought me to hang for company with him---- would I were out again,

*Clutch*, She swound for Joy , she swounds for Joy , how i'le daughter, how i'le daughter.

*Fem*. She comes again, Sister look up, here's Mr. *Money*.

*Fea*. Mistriss, Mistriss,

*Felix*. Oh my lov'd stranger.

*Clutch*, Feminia, come hither, come hither, what doth she mean by stranger.

*Fem*. She calls Mr. *Money*, her stranger, sir *Feather*. and *Cap*-

*Clutch*, Does she so, does she so. *rain whispers*.

He shall be more familiar with her, mine own Girl still sure, her mother gave me leave to get this child of obedience my self.

*Fea*. Quickly good *Cap*.

*Cap*. Sir, shall I speak a word with you in private.

*Clutch*, With me sir.

*Cap*. Yes, and your servant *Calumney*.

*Clutch*, with all my heart sir, *Calumney* attend me sirrah.

*Cap*. Now I have made all clear for him, if he should transgress with both the sisters, and make the father and I his Bauds, 'twould trouble me.

*Exit*.

*Manent Felixina, Feminia, and Featherbrain.*

*Felix*. What is your errand sir.

*Fea*. 'Tis love sweet Creature.

*Felix*. Oh my soul, 'tis he--- Love sir, (what shall I do)---- I want the womans art, dissimulation--- whence comes your love I pray.

*Fea*. But from this bosome sweetest, there is a heart fill'd with as innocent love, as is the Vestal Virgins to her Goddess, you wear the *Cupid*, beauty, thy Ivory bow sent your white shafts

of virtue to my breast,  
Ther's a touch.

*Felix.* And all this is, you love me,---- is it not.

*Fea.* And thrice so much can but confess a truth.

*Felix.* Pardon me Sir, I am no Infidel.

*Fea.* He harbors infidelity that thinks it.

*Fem.* This is the spark, they whisper  
Hath been so long in the  
Ring of her fancy and dazzled the eyes of her understanding (if I  
may credit my own apprehension) I vow she looks upon him, as  
if she lov'd, (indeed) she's great with Joy.

*Felix.* Is this your way to raise your Fortunes think you after  
your fluent prodigality, (presuming on your person) to undo  
some weak ey'd Virgin, by your Vows and Oaths, all but to  
satisfie your appetite with Coyn, to game or such unthrifly  
Revells.

*Fea.* I vow she preaches---- talks---- talks hand somely what  
a fool was I to come hither, I am taken with her, if I have not al-  
most a mind to this honourable peice (mischief) marriage, good  
Company forsake me, there is a new guest come to this Inn,  
(cal'd honesty, commands like a Prince, and I must observe his  
laws) (the mor's my grief) I will be gone, one minute more un-  
does me, all happiness dwell with you Lady.

*Felix.* Pray stay and hear me Sir, although from womans  
fear, my words proceed, yet (trust me) I conceit so well  
of you, I could nor easily be won to think what my faint fears  
have uttered.

*Feather.* She talk's again, think's well of me  
her tongue a Cupid, and each word an Arrow, she  
has an excellent ayming eye, a good face fine complection,  
handsome breasts, a neat middle, and i'l warrant a good Foot  
and Legg, she wears an hundred Cupids,----- and now  
they all discharg'd, at me together--- and now they  
carry

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carry me captived to her---and now I begin to speak hum---hum--

Wonder of Creatures perfectest, perfect one

Epitome of those Angellick Souls

That are the Rules of Elizium

Whose Beauty keeps the Rose buds, blown in Autum.

And the fair Lillies white as mountain snow.

Hey da lee if I do not talk like one of your mad Poets already.

Fem. I do not think but the youngster has *Hero* and *Leander*, at his Fingers ends I would I could hear a little more, O this.

Felix. Pray you do not you spend your serimonius jests upon so weak a wit, if you must needs love tell me so--- I love the plain way best.

Fra. By thy own chaste thoughts, which were they mix'd with mine, cannot be tainted, I infinitely honour thee.

Felix. Honour, is that another term for love Sir. (Kisses.)

Fra. It is, and by this tempting fruit, I love and honour you.

Felix. Why do you swear so rashly indeed I will not take your oath, till you advise your self.

Fra. Give me it again then ile think upon it. (she sings.)

Fem. Maides where are your hearts become look you what here is, look you what here is---whats there a couple of Turtles a billing, is that such a peice of busines---very good he has bethought himself, and now he swears agen theres two shillings in oathes already.

Felix. I can conceal no longer, love growes great, the more I labour to deliver it--- guard me my blushes.

Fra. But cannot you affect me, my Election.

Felix. Who is that behind you sir.

Fra. A Gentlewoman, what is she more sweet Lady.

Felix. Do you observe her sir.

Fra. I doe.

Felix. She is one ( pray fix your eyes upon her) she is one, that can tell, that with unfeigned zeal, my soul affects you.

Fra. Indeed---shee's worth the noting---pray Lady (thentake notice, with what integrity of pure affection I seal me hers for ever.

Fem. Withall my heart, your very nimble Gallants.

Felix.

*Felix.* What shall we doe, my Father will suspect if you stay longer.

*Fea.* My Friend expects me too.

*Fem.* Is he not your Brother Sir.

*Fea.* No Lady.

*Fem.* He is somewhat like you, and a handsome Gentleman.

*Felix.* I know your need, here is some Gold Sir. — make but your habit appear glorious, you may as freely have Admittance, as any of our Suitors.

*Fea.* I have hard so much, farewell my best one.

*Felix.* Remember Oathes.

*Enter Captaine.*

*Fea.* As I will do my Soul.

*Cap.* Oh 'tis well, you are coming, I had spoyl'd all else — what have you, done now.

*Fea.* As I could wish my Boy.

*Cap.* Say you so, get you gone, then ile try what I can do.

*Fea.* Doe.

*Cap.* But which is your Mistres.

*Fea.* That Gentlewoman.

*Exit Featherbrain.*

*Cap.* That Gentlewoman ( good ) I must then direct my Service to the other, pretty Rogues both — de hear Lady, are you my Frinds Mistris.

*Felix.* Did he tell you so Sir.

*Cap.* Cunning Gipsey, yes he did tell me soe forsooth.

*Felix,* I hope you dare believe him.

*Cap.* Marry doe I, is this your Sister fair one.

*Felix.* Yes Sir.

*Cap.* Can she love think you.

*Felix.* Faith Sir, she can best resolve you.

*Cap.* You say true, and ile to her, does she love verse or prose.

*Felix.* I think she is indifferently affected.

*Cap.* So then ile think upon somthing.

*Fem.* Ye busie Eyes, where do you carry me, why should this Stranger be your object so, yet I'me too blame to chide you, ye behold, a man proportioned for a Prince's, how pretily this bluntness does become him, he makes this way, sure he would speak with me.

*Cap.* What is your name sweet Lady.

*Fem.*

*Fem.* Feminia Sir.

*Cap.* You are a woman.

*Fem.* I think so Sir.

*Cap.* 'Tis true, my little peice of modesty, you can but think so, yet by your name you are.

*Fem.* And I think you are a man.

*Cap.* But think I am a man, do you not see a mark upon my forehead.

*Fem.* No truly Sir, me thinks it is a Cupid,

*Cap.* Cupid, oh blindnes, Sit lazie Cupid upon a Soldiers Brow.

*Fem.* Cupid is Mars Coequal.

*Cap.* Then they are both there together — I thought so, for I could love and fight both at once, love a Mistres, and beat him, that durst abuse her and ( now I think on't ) are you married.

*Fem.* Not yet Sir.

*Cap.* Then there's some hopes, but if I know how to court her I am a Jew, de ye here Lady what said my Friend to ye, when he came in the way of Marriage.

*Felix.* Troth I have quite forgot Sir.

*Cap.* You have an excellent memory.

*Fem.* Why doe ye Question me of marriage Sir.

*Cap.* The Rogue has a mind to be talk'd too — pox, she might put forth her self a little more, for my brain is out of tune I am somwhat stupid, oh Sack, nothing like Sack it calls up a Parliament, of Rable in the scul of a Poet — and too much makes em speak fustion as fast, Oh how she smirks ( *He sings.* ).

I would give my golden Rapier to be at her, to be at her —  
Ile speak to her least she talkes me to silence, She sayes shce's a woman, *Cupid* thou little Cub of *Venus* assist me, can ye love *Mars* my fair *Sithera*.

*Fem.* Yes if he have a *Cupids Soul*.

*Cap.* Yes he has a *Cupids Soul*.

*Fem.* Where is he.

*Cap.* Here in this Doublet — but hang circumstance can you vouchsafe affection, if you can tell me, ile strive to conquer my usurping nature, perhaps I may run mad, or so, if I do come but and see me in *Bedlam*, and I am answered.

*Fem.*

*Fem.* Are you so swain sir, is love so powerful in you at first sight.

*Cap.* What says the Poet, that most true doth write  
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight.

*Fem.* Troth and he saies true, and now I am resolv'd, pack hence my blushes then, fly unto those conscious of crimes, and let them there disclose their corrupt nature, love so pure as mine requires, not your assistance.

*Cap.* I forgot to kiss you, you must pardon me  
I'me not vers'd into loves Rhetorick, more then (kisses)  
your Eyes instruct me.

*Fem.* The times unsit for tedious discourse, resolve your self when ere my Sister makes your friend her Bridegroom, you shall as surely call *Feminia* bride.

*Cap.* A kiss O that, sirrah couldst not thou obtain so great a blessing, from thy Father, as four or five peieces contain, to befriend a poor Gentleman.

Enter Clutch Callumney, and Featherbrain.

*Fem.* That would discover all--- noe--- go but to Mr. Credit, call your self my brother, you shall be furnished with all those necessaries, that can acouter a compleat Gentleman.

*Clutch.* Is he so high'y taken say you,

*Fee.* At every sigh he breathes *Felixina*.

*Fem.* Hee's my Father-- iift.

*Capt.* Feminias name inspires his soul with raptures.

*Fee.* Let him but see a beauty, though as fair as Poets painted Hellen, he will say she come but short of his *Felixina*.

*Clutch.* He dotes, he dotes, oh my most happy iſſue.

*Cap.* If I could stay, Ide reckon up a thouſand of these things, but sweetest fair, time will not now permit me.

*Fem.* Return my best affection.

*Cap.* I will.

*Fee.* My Master sir expects me, else I would fill up your soul with wonder.

*Cap.* Farewell Lady.

*Fee.* We take my leave Sir, and of you fair Lady.

*Felix-*

*Felix.* Tell him your self, if he infringe his Oath I am undone  
farewel Sir.

*Clutch.* Entirely welcome Gentlemen, *Callumney* attend them  
out.

*Callum.* These are a couple of entire Rogues , or else I wear  
false spectacles.

*Clutch,* What think you of your sweet hearts now my Girls.

*Exeunt*

*Fem.* As of the noblest Creatures nature fram'd.

*Felix.* They are superlatively excellent.

*Clutch,* You are obedient Girls, but come attend me I must in-  
struct you, in some unknown lectures.

*And wisdom to your Love---- if I obtain my Prize,  
My Daughters shall be, Mammons sacrifice.*

## Act the Fourth, Scene the First.

*Enter Calumney, and Felixina.*

*Felix.* Well what would you say now.

*Callum.* Are we free from any hearing.

*Felix.* We are but of each other

*afide*

What means the fellow.

*Callum.* Pray let me ask a question then.

*Felix.* Speak, but be not tedious— some weighty business  
sure.

*Callum.* Your answer shall be just.

*Felix.* Yes prethy speak without more conjuring.

*Callum.* Do you—

*Felix.* Out with it.

*Callum.* Do you love Mr. Money.

E

*Felix.*

*Felix.* Yes what of that.

*Callum.* Faithfully.

*Felix.* Must I needs make my faith so familiar with your knowledge if my father hath made you thus inquisitive.

*Clutch.* No (as I covet happiness) I love you, and would prevent you he is one unfit for your deserts, my heart grieves for you.

*Felix.* Surely the fellows honest, prethy why.

*Callum.* First of all you are young, fair, and kind, he old gouty and churlish, you virtuous, wife, and loving, he vicious damnable vicious, he has tane in Bawdy-houses night, by night, who but money, he makes the Old hauds beautiful the Whores Caper naked at his appearance, marry they have reason for it, he secures them from all troubles, he is acquainted with all the terrible Justices about the Subburbs (& wondrous well beloved too, theyl take his word before the bond of an Alderman, then is he very foolish, for he prefers the cloath of Tishue, and Plush before noble Hospitality, and a hater of all vertue.

*Felix.* You say I am virtuous, why doth he love me then.

*Callum.* He doth not, I know he doth not.

*Felix.* Why doth he swear he loves proves it by guests, would marry me.

*Callum.* He says so, i'l answer, with a question, why doth the Devil feed with liquorish meats, spiritful Wine, high pride, hot Lechery, and leathered ease, those that he means to damn, he marry ye, fy, fy, he shall but like the greedy Tree-worm, suck the sap of Reputation from you, and leave you wither'd.

*Felix.* These words carry a fence to be observed, though to me needless the Jenius that doth guard the Reputation, my chast soul affects hath preinform'd me thus, this sheweth his honest though, since thou art so chary of my honour, (and wilt I hope, persist in't, I shall invite thy Judgment to a greater difficult, for which I will not be a light rewarder,

*Callum.* Here's harmony.

You are my *Virtuous Mistris*, I am your *wesel*, your very eye commands me.

*Felix.* Go send my Sister to me.

*Callum.* I shal forsooth I am all Amorous

*afide*

*afide*

*Exit.*

*Felix.*

*Felix.* The very contemplation of my Love, exhilarates my heart, his name exiles all passion, what an infusious Love---when I was free and with impartial eyes, view'd every one (Eagle like) could I dare the Summer Sun now one slight beam hath dimm'd me here come my sister she is Enter Feminia  
fetter'd (too) my helping hand was not wanting (Gramercy jealousy, for I thinking my own choice best fearing with my eyes, she should look on him, have ta'n occasion (as my surest prevention) to make her cover (by my pray appear most worthy).

*Fem.* Did you send for me Sister.

*Felix.* Yes, Mrs. Simper I did send to you.

*Fem.* What would you (pray).

*Felix.* Talk and prattle, nothing else, what dost thou think of my choice.

*Fem.* 'Tis a deserving one, is this all.

*Felix.* No when dost thou think I shall see him again.

*Fem.* I cannot tell, pray heaven they both prove constant.

*Felix.* Is that thy meditation--- dost thou fear it.

*Fem.* Yes, and my fears hold Angry.

*Felix.* That they'll be false, forbid it heaven if mine be capable of Oaths I cannot.

*Fem.* Nay I will hope the best, you have most cause to grieve if it prove so--- you will loose the richest prize.

*Felix.* Not in your eye I hope How rich I prethy, thine's a *vote* to mine.

*Fem.* I am the happier Offers to go away.  
*Fem.* then.

*Felix.* Prethy stay.

*Fem.* I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while prethy excuse me. Exit Feminia

*Felix.* I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while, prethy excuse me, this is a Riddle learn of truth Sorceress and raise up the Ghost of *Edipus* to unfold it.

Exit Felixina  
I am invited by a difficult subject requires my meditations for a while, prethy excuse me, this is a Riddle learn of truth Sorceress and raise up the Ghost of *Edipus* to unfold it.

*E. 2.* Enter

Enter Mony, Featherbrain, Credit, and Captain  
Pennyleis.

*Fea.* If you derive your Pedigree from the antient house of the Monies, ther's some affinity between us.

*Mo.* I'll assure you Sir we came in with the Conqueror my mother was a *Pecanis*.

*Fea.* What kin to the Argents,

*Mo.* Twas my fathers name.

*Cap.* Well said *Frank* bring me into the kindred too.

*Fea.* My mother was an Argent, my father an Aurum.

*Mo.* Why then your name is *Gold* Sir.

*Fea.* Yes sir, the best of my kindred lived in *Barbery*.

*Mo.* Then by that name I must salute you never noble couzen *Gold*.

*Fea.* Sweet couzen *Money*,— pray be acquainted with my Brother *Jewel*.

*Mo.* Bright Mr. *Jewel*. I pray salute my Ningle *Credit*.

*Cap.* Ningle Sir.

*Mo.* I sir, tis a familiar Term passeth betwixt us.

*Cap.* Good Mr. *Credit*. I salute you.

*Cred.* I return your salute pretious Mr. *Jewel*.

*Cap.* Indeed Sir, pretious is my Christen name.

*Fea.* Whether go you Gent. (if without offence I may desire it.)

*Mo.* Ye are married Gentlemen.

*Fea.* Married, yes, and I believe you know our wives---- we married two Sisters, I the Lady Portion, and my Brother, the younger Sister, beauty.

*Mo.* Indeed the Lady Portion is my neer Kinswoman.

*Cap.* Yet more kindred

*Mo.* I am her fathers elder Brother. *Callumney above.*

*Cred.* Then Gentlemen we dare reveal our Voyage we are going to do, what you it seems have done.

*Fea.* Marry a couple of Virgins i'l lay my life.

*Mo.*

*Mo.* And since happily we have met we shall desire you two, for Witnesses to such agreements as their Fathers, and we shall conclude upon.

*Fee.* Then you have the Wench's consents.

*Mo.* Firm, firm.

*Fee.* And yet were distrustful, Jealous of your friends.

*Mo.* No not Jealous.

*Enter Callumney in the Musique Room.*

*Cal.* Who is here my rival *Money*, and his Ningle *Credit*, with two *Cavellers*— the Old man is taking his Noons Nap, ile wake him with this news suddainly, hoping he will run out off his wits for Joy--- master, master awake here are both your Son's *Mr. Money* and *Mr. Credit*.

*Enter Clutch above.*

*Clutch.* Where my loyal *Callumney*, where where--

*Cal.* Look here Sir, look here, unless you stay them speedily two golden unthrifts (in whose clutches they now are) will carry them from your sight for ever.

*Clutch.* Forbid it *Mammon*, ile call to them, what if a man leap'd down *Callumney*— ile leap, may a man break his neck hear think'ſt thou.

*Cal.* His Neck scarce hurt his foot.

*Clutch.* Do thou leap first good *Callumny*, to satisfie my fear, a little lead me the way.

*Cal.* Alas Sir, I appear so black and horrid I shall quite scare them from you.

*Clutch.* Thou saiest true ile call, ile call, they will be gone ere I can moderately go down staires.

*Cal.* Call, sy leap Sir— 'tis but a squelch I have a kinsman an excellent bone settler.

*Clutch.* Shall I, shall I, *Callumny*, I can have but a squelch thou sayest.

*Cal.* No, no.

*Clutch.*

*Clutch.* I but twill be a Devilish squelch--- wilt thou be acceptant to thy good Masters death.

*Callum.* You might have been down by this time.

*Clutch.* That I might Ifaith for ever rising, I might have had my last squelch--- Vh , if I were fire my legs would come first to ground I wold not care--- well I will call, Son Money , Son Cred' , Gentl men whether go you.

*Mo.* O Father *Clutch*, no further then your house.

*Clutch.* My faithful Sons--- that I were within an embrace, but ile come immedately , imediately Gentlemen--- you'll stay a while.

*Mo.* Yes wee will wait you sir:

*Clutch.* Open the door *Callumy*.

*Cal.* I cannot find the key sir.

*Clutch.* Not find the key, dainty fine tricks, where hath your Devil-ship laid it, break open the doot, you Hell-hound.

*Cal.* I have found it now.

*Clutch.* Did I call thee Hell-hound, forgive my passion gentle *Callumy*.

*Exit Clutch and Callumy.*

*Fed.* You are well beloved here Gentlemen.

*Mo.* Yes faith the Old man dotes upon us.

### Act Fourth Scene Third,

*C.p.* **H**Ee may be proud of yee, ye are the best Suitors, have craced his House, since his Daughters entred into their Teenes.

*Cred.* We are men ( you know ) the world thinks well off.

*Cap.* Yee are your selves, the world, in spight of the flesh and Devil.

*Mo.* You do ecclips us with your praise, and your affection, yelds a partial censure.

*Enter*

## Enter Clutch and Callumny.

*Clutch.* They are here still, Oh my right noble Sons, Son *Money* let me enjoy an armful of thee--- and of thee--- trust me Son *Credit*, my youngest Daughters sicknes is for thee — and Son *Money* did your man tell you how my elder Daughter swounded in your absence--- I thought I should have lost her, nothing but your name could quicken life in her.

*Mo.* My Man Sir.

*Clutch:* And my Son *Credits* man ( too ) Indeed Gentlemen I am infinitely engaged to you, you are noble Lovers I see you doe respect your Ladies.

*Mo.* We sent no men good Sir, bethink your self, sure hee's Transported.

*Clutch.* True tricks of Nobility, see if they will acknowledge their good actions aside  
But who are these Gentlemen, who are these I pray.

*Mo.* Two worthy friends of ours.

*Clutch.* Their names ( I pray ) I may salute em.

*Mo.* This Gentleman's name is *Gold*.

*Clutch.* Mr. *Gold*.

*Mo.* And this Mr. *Jewel*.

*Clutch.* He is in my care allready, Illustrious Mr. *Jewel* — glorious Mr. *Gold* — you are both entirely welcome *Gold* and *Jewel* — oh for a couple of Daughters more, what a wealth *Clutch* might I bee,  
I would *Biganey* were lawful, I must enjoy these two Gentlemen, *Callumney* and I will knock our Jouls together about it Gentlemen will you draw near.

*Mo.* Pray lead the way Sir.

*Clutch.* Indeed ile follow you, nay pray Sir —  
*Mr. Gold, Mr. Jewel* ---

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Callumney.*

*Cal.* How is our house ennobled--- had my Master but two Daughters more, what marriages should we have M. *Money* and M. *Credit*.

*Credit* ('tis resolv'd) must marry the two Virgins — say you so — but what sayes Mr. *Callumny* to that, by your leave, *Clutch* you premised him the Elder -- and *Money* like a trade Rogue you will defeat him, but mark what followeth ( my aged *Sig-nior* ) he like a more cunning Rogue, hath that in practice will defeat you both -- I am strangely lost, what should these fellows be that came with letters -- *Money* and *Credit* said they sent none such -- I have it, I know I have it, ( without all doubt ) they are servants to these fresh *Mamoratto's Gold* and *Jewel* -- here will be some scuffling for the wenches. I may prevent you Mr. *Gold* or Mr. *Jewel* if you solicit me my *Lindabradez*.

Enter *Clutch*.

*Clutch.* Callumny my best Callumny, why thus melancholly, Sirrah my Daughter dotes upon thee, upon the Devil --- *aside*. I vow she does, I know it -- she flouts *Money* beyond measure.

*Cal.* This is the preamble to more mischeif cunning Sir, I apprehend you, I do expect I should encourage on *Gold* and *Jewel* to your daughters — when you are hang'd, *afids* you know the proverb sure Sir, my mean desert weigh'd with their noble Suitors must appear most worthless.

*Clutch.* She thinks thee honest, them but flatterers.

*Cal.* Well what would you Sit.

*Clutch.* Methinks I see thee walk in cloath of Tishue whilst I in Furses in an imperious chair sit and prolong my hours with gazing on thee, my delightful darling.

*Cal.* Notable Rogue, but whats your will, declare it pray sir.

*Clutch.* This is day thou knowest, *Money* and *Credit* oblige their whole Estates, to me on condition I give my free consent, that they may match my Daughters, mark ye, my free consent, but if their free consents they cannot get they are like to stand the hazard, *Gold* for thee my boy — now Sirrah, oh that I had two Daughters more.

*Cal.* You would fetch over the new Guests *Gold* and *Jewel*,

*Clutch.* Thou art all apprehension, thou wert composed of Craft and Subtilty.

*Cal.* This is too hard a taske, you cannot give your consent twice

twice, Law you know will not allow of it.

*Clutch.* Do thou but cheer them on, let me alone in time to work the Catastrophe, I have a Plot, (not altogether perfected,) that shall make thee mine, ne're fear it, in the meantime, be thou their Genius encourage them, my Boy, encourage them I cannot stay, I must about my profit.

*Cal.* I apprehend the Rogue, he has given Money and Credit, his full content, now Sir, will he marry them to Gold and Jewel, and at the last appear as ignorant, as they that never knew, and wher's my Mistress then, kind Sir expect (if you be wise) nothing from me may make addition to your happiness---- But who comes here i'll step behind the hangings.

Enter Featherbrain and Felixina.

*Felix.* What plentious happiness my soul enjoys in seeing you my wished one, nothing shall now I hope (if *Hymen* smile) delay our Nuptials.

*Callum.* Hey day, what have we here---- sure these are Eyes, and Eats.

*Fea.* Sweetest it is my firm resolve, to hearts sincere, nothing so happy as the marriage hour.

*Callum.* Good agen.

*Fea.* You know my mind, lets in again your father will suspect elle, I shall declare my plots to you, at large whea time shall be auspicious.

Exit Featherbrain.

*Felix.* You are full of constancy.

with Felixina.

*Cal.* Very pretty, this is one of them (as I take it) I should encourage, she hath plaid my part upon her self and given him a large encouragement----agen.

Enter Captain and Feminia.

*Cap.* Why pretty sweet one can thy thoughts be won to think my tongue has been the Orator of a disloyal heart.

*Fem.* But could you not affect my Sister dearer.

*Callum.* This is the second part to the same Tune what courtly Roguery may a man descern behind *Arras*.

*Cap.* What my friends choice, unclasp an amity in whose fair Bonds, are fetter'd nought but love and sweet indulgence, did not that claim a share in my best thoughts my Amorous Soul, creating you it's object says you excel in merit.

*Fem.* Think me not loveless for my easie scar. F Cap.

*Cap.* Indeed I do not.

*Fem.* Be wary or all's mar'd.

*Cap.* I'll warrant ye come, let's withdraw agen.

*Exeunt*

*Callum.* Am I designed for a better end then hell, the Devil keeps no truer touch with me, Love may be thus reciprocal, in as short a Season, but such aged familiarity call's marvail in my sconce..... Oh for a Jury of Witches to find the guilt of this busines out, 'tis now as the Devil my aged Signior would have it, ye shall have Gold and Jewel, to your Sons, ne're fear it, if I do not cross the busines, ther's a busines unthought off, I think of it though and will endeavour it to my power, I'll do my good will, Mr. Clutch, ye can have but a mans heart, here they are all, work work, my brain.

*Enter* Clutch, Mony, Felixina, Featherbrain Credit,  
Feminia, and Captain Pennyless.

*Clutch,* Look ye Gentlemen, this is fair inconsideration of your estates I give my full consent, that you may marry my two daughters.

*Both,* We acknowledge so much.

*Clutch,* Well said, I think you need not doubt theirs.

*Mo.* Theirs we are confident.

*Callum.* Coxcombs you are, if you knew all

*aside*

*Clutch,* I know you do consider I am old.

*aside*

Why I may dye to morrow,

Not these threescore years I hope, and then you will be blest with all my store, these Girls must reap the fruit of all my care.

*Mo.* Well, their free wills we doubt not.

*Cred.* O you little Rogue I have thy consent, have I not Spouse.

*Fem.* I Cadeedlo Head;

*Cred.* Cadeedlo Head, those words come so prettily from thee.

*Fem.* I am glad  
they please you Sir.

*Clutch, Mony, Credit Fe-*  
*lix, and Feminia, whisper.*

*Enter*

## Enter Callumney!

*Cal.* Sir here's, Sir here's two Gentlemen, and their wives are come to visit you, and my mistresses.

*Clutch,* What are they.

*Callum.* Mr. Silver the monyer, and his mistress.

*Cap.* Light heel, keep such a stamping, that we shall ne're be able to endure the houle, what's the tother.

*Callum.* Mr. Hammer-head, the Goldsmith, Sir, he has a very handsome wife.

*Fea.* O then by all means let them in.

*Clutch,* Do, do, *Callumy*, their worthy friends, and necessary members in a Common wealth, Mr. Silver, my illustrious friend welcome, most welcome, and couzen Hammer-head, let me imbrace you.

*Mo.* Gentlemen pray salute your friends, Mr. Silver, you and I are familiar friends your hand, Ningle Credit, bid him welcome.

Enter Silver and Hammer-head, and their Wives.

While they salute the men  
Featherbrain, and Pen-niless salute the Women.

*Fea.* Fair mistress welcome and may choycest delight, ever crown your wishes.

1. *Woman,* The like to you.

*Cap.* Frank has borded one, and I like a coward stand and fear to a fault the other, but I am a Captain, and will fear no colours mrs. your welcome as I may say.

2. *Woman,* I thank you Sir.

*Cap.* Is that your husband forsooth.

2. *Woman,* Yes Sir, why do ye ask.

*Cap.* Because I would know.

1. *Woman,* A very merry Gentleman.

*Clutch,* 'Tis as I tell you Sir, Mr. Mony, and Mr. Credit, has engaged their whole estates to me, inconsideration of my full consent, that they may marry my daughters.

*Silver.* Why then we shall have weddings two or three at---

*Ham.* Least, for here's my friend Mr. *silver*, has stole his Mi-  
streis forth and means to marry her presently.

*Cred.* Why then he's one of our rank.

*Clutch,* He is, but Gentlemen so many weddings towards, and  
nere a dance, come, come, each take his mistress and dance, and  
foot it a little for the satisfaction of these spectators.

*Callum.* Ha, ha, ha, ---- are these your Kinsmen Gentlemen,  
ha, ha, ha, I am a little absur'd, ha, ha, ha, pray pardon me.

*Fee.* Our kinsman, yes, why dost ask.

*Callum.* They are a couple of crafty merchants, ha, ha, ha, they  
may well be confident of the consents of their mistresses.

*Fee.* Not unlikely, why

They are your Kinsmen you say.

*Cap.* Yes.

*Callum.* Whose Credits you respect.

*Fee.* As our lives.

*Callum.* I vow ye should not know it else pray make no words  
on't.

*Cap.* Well, speak.

*Cal.* If these two tuff blades, are of ability, they have made all  
sure, i'l warrant them.

*Fee.* Ha---- ha, sute prethy be plainer.

*Cap.* I do conjecture something, the Rogues breath smells  
worse than Garlick, it <sup>aside</sup> ascends from the fame of some unsavoury secret, I fear 'twil choak  
us.

*Callum.* A trick of youth, and partly in fashion, a slight mi-  
stake, made use. O'th Bridal night, before the wedding morning,  
do ye understand me now Gentlemen----- no hurt, onely.

*Cap.* Foah, now 'tis out---- the Devil choak thee for't.

*Fee.* How cam'st thou to know it.

*Cap.* Their Baud i'l lay my life.

*Cal.* Very easily Sir, I was a Servant to them, and had good  
cash to learn silence with many fair promises.

*Cap.* I, I knew 'twould come too't.

*Fee.* Why what a Rogue art thou to discover then.

*Callum.* I but I know to whom, their friends and kinsmen, all  
the Devils in Hell, could not have wrinched it from me but you.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* We are much ingaged to you—

*Fee.* Does not their Father know it:

*Cal.* Not yet Sir.

*Fee.* Well let it go no further.

*Cal.* Not for a World.

*Cap.* Come hither *Frank*.

*Clutch.* *Felix Femina*, let me talk with you a little.

*Both.* Yes Sir.

*Cal.* Mr. *Money*, Mr. *Credit*, Gentlemen when must we have Gloves, when is the time prefxit, I perceive you are wel prepared,

*Mo.* To morrow, ist not to morrow Ningle.

*Cred.* To morrow, let me see to morrow, I to morrow a very fit day— yes, yes, to morrow *Callumney*.

*Cal.* And are you sure you have the consent of my young Mistresses.

*Cred.* Sure dost take us for Asses, dost think we are now to make Sure, and must be married to morrow.

*Cal.* Come I know you are not sure, you have both most foolish lost your whole estates.

*Mo.* How.

*Cal.* Be these two yonder your Kinsman.

*Cred.* Yes.

*Cal.* You are sure ont.

*Mo.* Yes.

*Cal.* So sure am I, they are contracted both unto your Brides, that shold be, and (let me tell you for tis frindship bids me) the old man cares not it is (in part) his policy.

*Both.* How.

*Cal.* Nay it must out, although my Masters secret conscience will have it so, do ye but mark his words, I give ye but my consent (saith he) having reserv'd to himself thus to delude you forcing his daughters privately which indeed he need not, they are themselves too willing to give their free consents to marry your rich Kinsmen.

*Cred.* And will my Spouse turn Baggage, is there no honesty in Cadeedlo.

*Mo.* But is this truth.

*Cal.* Why will you here me swear.

*afidé*  
*Captain Featherbrain*

*whispers Clutch and*

*his two daughters, Cal-*

*lumney goes to Money*

*& Credit.*

*Cred.* Any thing but Cadeedlo, that hellish Oath.

*Cal.* These eyes and ears are witnesses to their contract.

*Mo.* It cannot be they are married.

*Cal.* So am I, am I not, they married---pist---Ile be more open to you did not my Master tell yee, ye sent your two men to his Daughters.

*Mo.* I perfectly remember't we sent none.

*Cal.* True they were servants to your kinsman, and to my knowledge brought them letters, but as forerunners to their vi-sits.

*Mo.* What will become of this is there no prevention what an unconscionable misers this.

*Cal.* Gentlemen, now hearken to me since I have opened the sore I will apply a remedy, therefore (ingeniously) observe from me, allwayes come short of this, I have been industrious for yee.

*Cred.* Honest Callumay.

*Cal.* With resolv'd confidence, call them aside and in the way of frindship make known you have enjoyed the Daughters, laughing it out (like some Familiar action) or ye make your boast (as thus) that as aged as ye are you can yet overcome young Virgins, I need not teach ye to bounce I am sure, there are twenty wayes to divulge it, swear it, rather then loose your main estates.

*Cred.* By my Credit (an Oath I fear I shall ne're swear agen) tis a peice of rare Rogurie, and I must hug thee for't.

*Mo.* I like it (too) weel put in practice strait.

*Cal.* Least it be to late, they are now in consultation, be sure you bear up stify, think on your Estates, go not a word more, lest we be obserued.

*Felix.* Those Gentlemen Sir.

*Clutcb.* Yes you know my mind, ile win your opportunity.

*Cap.* Fy in a passion for her, let her pass, think your self happy that you know it, 'twould have troubled ye more after marriage.

*Fee.* Well ile do somthing.

*Clutcb.* Come Gentlemen will ye in, your Dinners are prepa-r'd, by this I am sure, discourse the rest at table, 'twill make your fare digest.

*Omn's* Wee'l wait upon you Sir --

*Exeunt.*

*Cal.*

*Cal. Propitious Vengeance, aid my bloody Brawls  
And I will feast thy Soul with Funerals.*

*Exit.*

## Act the Fifth Scene the First,

*Enter Featherbrain Solus.*

*Fea.* **I**Mpudent Slaves Joy in your sordid Acts, your peices of La'civious Gravity, hath Age taught you to be but wise in sin, must you be revereced cause you are become high in Iniquity, bravely Audacious, yet pardon my rash words, ye are to me my better Jenious, I should honour ye, call ye the Patrons of my happiness for you have told me that, ( had it been kept till I had wedded this intemperate Woman creature ) had ruin'd me for ever, crewel woman, what Cupids did you see in wrinkled brows, sunk Eyes, and whithered cheeks, should make your blood with such a flame, kindle your appetite, hide me some happy mist, for here she comes would tempt another Adam.

*Enter Felixina.*

Oh my heart the killing Basalisk is more courteous, his visage doth pretend no less than death, but here's a Ram shap't in Innocence.

*Felix.* What so private : I have strange news to tell you.

*Fea.* Shee will offend no more, hath heard, I know it and will fain penitence ( death ) I must speak to her, though I perish by it, Oh divinity, defend me from this peice of beauticus Magick, and I will be thy Anchorite---is your news good *Felixina*.

*Felix.* Exceeding good to me Sir.

*Fea.* Good come to thee, is Hell and Heaven met, or is incontinency proved no crime *aside* as our wise Sophisters maintaine with good my sweet.

*Felix.* My Father gives us free content to marry.

*Fea.*

*Fed.* Does he indeed, a peice of pleasing mischeif,  
what joy have we *Felixina*. *afide*

*Felix.* Will not you kiss me for my newes now.

*Fea.* Joy so transported me I had forgot *they kiss*  
Oh *Hespirides*, thy garden yeilds such fruit, that I must pluck it  
though the Dragon feaze me—  
her breath excels perfumes, and on her lip lies such a pleasing  
warmth, might melt the souls of devout Hermets, — Oh you  
dangerous sweet one, might I be promised to enjoy thee thus,  
when our two souls are doubled to the Abits, ide pa's through  
this *Elizium* of sins and bless my Temptress.

*Felix.* What do you mean Sir.

*Fea.* Nothing, why dost thou ask sweet heart.

*Felix.* You talk so strangely.

*Fea.* Indeed I do to talk of blis in Hell.

*Felix.* Oh sister now I fear you.

*Fea.* But when must wee be married fair *Felixina*.

*Felix.* Do you prefix the time Sir---you will not want a Bride.

*Fea.* Thou wilt be shee I warrant, hum, what do ye blush  
would we were married now, there is an amotus flame crept in  
my blood, makes every limb a wanton, prethee kiss me  
agen,--- tell mee--- dost not thou *they kiss*

find a mutiny in thy blood, relish my puls. I am not aged but  
can meet thy fire with heat more active then that flames desire.

*Felix.* What do you mean Sir, saying heat and fire, give your  
strange Dialect some Demonstration, I apprehend you not.

*Fea.* Venus will be a Nun, and preach Virginity,  
Oh where should Devils get such Angels shapes *afide*  
Ile tell thee then— thy beauty and my love ( too  
potent Tempters ) envite me to that Lilly bed, thy brest, where I  
might banquet on thy curios body. Lets imitate the warm em-  
bracing Turtles instructeach other how our Parents did, when  
by their Amorous play we were create and propagate the world,  
with love born Creatures, what do ye gaze on mee--- I am turn'd  
Devil too, Devil too, and will conspire with thee in loose im-  
braces to beget a race of Tempters, say do I not look like a most  
amorous *Ineubus*.

*Felix.* You scare me with your words.

*Fea.*

*Fea.* But did that bosome harbour Innocence, thou wouldest  
(undaunted) hear me.

*Felix.* That Innocence protect me.

*Fea.* Nay fly me not, I am as bad as thee, I am surprized nere  
fear it---- Oh my grosse esseſſe.

*Felix.* Sweet Sir, unfold your discontents, do you not think me  
chast, pray look on me----

*Fea.* Oh no, thy eyes, will make my Judgment stagger, ye are  
all innocence in shew, but that frail man, that by your species, shall  
(like me) imagine some inferior vertue, shall close himself within  
a den of thr aldeomes, I did believe thee innocently good as rich in  
Soul, as feature, I did think each sentence that thy tongue did utter  
me some,

Prophesies of happiness, but yet I find  
All these but spectars, to delude the mind.

*Felix.* Pray Sir be more particular, does my indulgence of  
you tell you so, or my bold love declare my Levity, was I too  
eafe won, or else too free, being won too----

*Fea.* Oh, I stop there, that kindness is my torment hadst thou  
repulſt me, with a brave disdain, when for thy love I was an Orator,  
I had become a grosse Idolator, in paying Adoration to thy  
name.

*Felix.* Shall I not know the nature of my guilt.

*Fea.* Incontinency.

*Felix.* Incontinency-----oh *she swounds*

*Fea.* Oh me she swounds, as if within that word, lay rigorous  
Thunder, in me an Earth-quake is, ſhivering my Joyns, like (too  
aged) building, I could out ſigh rough *Eolus*, what a ſtormy vile,  
Iust does make in calm Lovers bosoms, how like a Virgin in con-  
tentied Urn, (that living knew not, what man call'd a crime) lies  
this *Deceptione vixi*, ſince ſhe is false it will be piety, to raise her to  
repentance, I am reſolved, if I did warm this Viper in my breast,  
and onely have her ſting for recompence, welcome my fate, ſhe  
ſtirs, ture ſhe'll prevent me.

*Fe.* Oh never wake ſir, if ſhe be falſe, may ſhe thus die unpittied---  
let her not have a Grave, preſerve her body and vile memory, to  
fright Mortality, when Maidens plight their faith, and do enfringe

Let their wrong'd Lovers, curle my wandring spirit, who living here, was but their base example.

*Fea.* Bless me good Powers, how these strange dangerous words, do operate in my fidelity. I scarce believe her false now.

*Felix.* Sweet Gentleman (the name of Love you cancel) who hath possessed your noble spirit thus.

*Faith* I scarce think thou know'st---- his names *Mony*.

*Felix.* What the Grand Devil of Rank, *Callumney*, would you believe him Sir.

*Fea.* 'Twas spoke in such a way.

*Felix.* If in your brest any credulity, you ever lodg'd to receive Virgins Oaths, let mine a while appeare you, and encourage that noble spirit, which you bear within you, unto an Act by my invention fram'd I shall make this Incurer truly confess, his words, to be gross scandal.

*Fea.* And vindicate thy honour with his Death,  
How many Ill's proseed from Soraed breast.

### Enter Calumney Credit, and Mony,

*Cal.* But did you do it bravely.

*Mo.* For speech, and action *Rofius* might have learn'd, had been living.

*Cal.* And how did they take it—ha.

*Cred.* Very contentedly—they were not mov'd.

*Mo.* Made slight (as men of actions not concern them)

*Cal.* They are subtile Rogues, and preserv'd, all in thought yea have prevented them ne're fear it, for if they marry them, *Callumney* is your bondman.

*Both,* Oh noble *Callumney*.

*Cal.* If they should question more, be you still confident, remember your estates, be that your *Jeniu*, I speak from my love, I would not have such noble Spirits ruin'd come lets be gone.

*Mo.* But I hope, they'l urge no more.

You cannot tell, be you prepar'd for't, to seem but daugter were to

to open all, and so you may become ridiculous Beggars whereas you were in state belov'd of all, all then will reckon you but as counterfeits.

*Mo.* And then we are fit for no place, but new *England*.

*Cal.* Come follow me and be victorious.

*Enter, Featherbrain, and Captain Pennyles.*

*Fea.* Come, I dare swear they are chaste.

*Cap.* Oh I, as vertuous as waiting Gentlewomen, who wilt not deny the Groomes a courtesie, to shew they are free from Pride, or they which serve antient rich Batchellors, that in their Caudles mix cantarides, to raize Rebellious Spirits, Midwives at thirty, Widdows at Nineteen, as *Hellens Maid* that wrote the Book, *De arte Venerea*.

*Fea.* Oh fy upon thee, thou wilt make them Monsters, come, come, follow my Directions, i'l warrant thee, we'l prove them honest Maids, ere we have done.

*Cap.* Will you so, i'l say you are further read in *Dialectica*, then a great many of your fore-fathers, no, i'l trouble my self no further—e'ne those that broke them, sodder u'm.

*Fea.* If thou dost anger me, i'l beat thee into, belief (and that's a strange kind of Rhetorick) come they have, they have Golden Portions think of that.

*Cap.* If thou dost lead me to damnation.

*Fea,* I'l be burn'd for thee, come follow me.

*Enter Clutch, Felixina and Feminia.*

*Clutch,* But do they entertain your loves, so willingly good Girls you have done bravely (my own flesh) let me kiss you both i'l make ye Goddesses, yea little wantons.

*Felix.* I Sir, but *Money* and *Credit*.

*Clutch,* For them let me alone, *Money* is an Ass, *Credit* his

Ningle, let um pass I have ore reach'd their Gravities; my subtilety shall make perdition, their inhabitory Mansion, me thinks hear them curse and rail on Clutch, whilst I content me with the Foxes Proverb (better when he's curst, aka Mrs. Gold, and Mrs. Jewel.

*Fem.* But ther's a scandal laid upon our fame.

*Clutch,* What's that, what scandal i't, if it hinder not our ends, no matter Money will buy good tongues.

*Fem.* It hinders our hope to marriage.

*Clutch,* What with Gold and Jewel, declare it, ha, with Gold and Jewel, speak it, oh my sweet hopes.

*Felix.* Money and Credit (coyn'd with Callumney) Proclaim us both their Whores.

*Fem.* Jewel and Gold this hearing, casts us off exposing us to Contumelius laughter.

*Clutch,* Oh Callumney, thou art mischievous, and hast out-reacht me, this will bring madness on me Gold and Jewel (my illustrate hopes) banished to live in desperations desert, Mammon (thou God of our adored earth) why dost thou suffer such events to th'wart me.

*Felix.* Sir a devise (by me already fram'd, and well approv'd off) shall our humours gain and we match with our liking.

*Clutch, Gold and Jewel.*

*Both,* Yes Sir.

*Felix.* But hear me out Sir, these as they are rich, will not be brought i'th compass of defraud, if as our Portions you'll deliver up, half those estates, Money, and Credit own'd, we have wrought them to ingage theirs unto you, in witness of each other, then they are ours, if this may not be done, 'tis their resolves, to leave us to the hazard of our Fortunes.

*Clutch,* Oh as I could wish----- i'l do't, i'l do't, where be they i'l be ingaged immediately.

*Felix.* In that withdrawing Room, they wait your Answer.

*Clutch,* Tis well I am contented.

Exit

Manet

## Blanet Felixina, and Feminia.

*Felix.* So this is contriv'd, to purpose, is it not, now our desires will finish (my *Feminia*) am I not worthy applause, be free to me.

*Fem.* Thou hast dispos'd things rarely but (in brief) tell me wer't thou perswaded I would be thy rival.

*Felix.* By Love I was, but prethy pardon me.

*Fem.* Pardon thee, yes upon condition you'll return the like, I had as much of foolish Jealousie, as love could let them claim.

*Felix.* I hope it will prevent that Plague, in Marriage I would not entertain it a whole year for more then the Worlds riches.

*Fem.* But are not we obedient Children, to gull our Father thus.

*Felix.* Heaven pardon us, 'tis not our greatest Crime, in such a cauise as this.

*I hope so too, and time shall tell (sweet Madam,  
Though we made shift for Husbands, yet we had um.*

*Exeunt.*

## Enter Featherbrain, and Mony,

*Fea.* But dost think she is with child.

*Mo.* I cannot tell I did my best endeavour, you may imagine how a man inspired by such a beauty may be stir himself.

*Fea.* I warrant she is a Bedfellow for a *Jove*.

*Mo.* Faith I would scarce exchange her, for his *Juno*, why *Nestor* is extracted from her lips, her breath excells sweets of *Ara-bia*.

But those choyce parts, which none but I could merit,  
Would call up heat, in a cold coward spirit,

*Fea.* She hath infused Poetry in you,

*Mo.* Have not I been at her *Helicon* — now I speak to purpose.

*Fea.* And is she pliable in her sports to you.

*Mo.* As is the Fish unto the Anglers bait, playes to beget desire.

*Fea.* Very Wanton.

*Mo.* As *Leda*, in the arms of *Jupiter*, I could not think my memory could —

Bless my tongue with so many good words to my purpose, <sup>aside</sup> but my estate that does it — Oh noble *Callumney*.

*Enter Captain Penniles and Credit.*

*Cap.* What desperate Vow, won her, to credit you mee thinks she's nice, and very proudly coy.

*Cred.* To strangers she is, to me she was, but that she saw my faith in my great Oathes.

*Cap.* What were they pray sir.

*Cred.* Marry Sir, the greatest and surest was Cadeedlo.

*Cap.* Indeed then she might well believe you — Cadeedlo quoth a —

*Cred.* And now we play and sport as familiarly as puppies, I call her spouse, shee calls me head —

*Cap.* A most firm Conjunction, her Father doth not know it you say.

*Cred.* Not yet, and I hope you will not tell Sir.

*Enter Clutch.*

*Cap.* You need not care, since his consent is given.

*Cred.* That's all one ( poor soul ) she would blush her self to death, if she but thought he knew it.

*Cap.* Why doe ye expose your secrets to my bosome, I am a very blab, I shall disclose.

*Cred.* Will you undoe your kinsman.

*Cap.* Harken to me.

*Clutch.* They are at it, I must make one, on both sides — now my part comes in, what Gentlemen retired, I am too bold to interrupt your p'ivacies.

*Fea.*

*Fee.* You are not Sir, pray stay -- are the doors to lock. *aside*  
*Clutch.* They are most strangely barracaded -- *aside*  
*Crid.* No stay till to morrow, then Revel at large, I would be  
 married first.

*Cap.* Noe. prethee be perswaded, I would fain see how the  
 old man would relish his Daughters forwardnes, he knowes hot  
 constitutions must be abated.

*Mo.* Break your discourse off, I would not have the old man  
 gues out this private deed, he is a peice of dangerous subtlety.

*Fee.* Then all is true you tell mee.

*Mo.* If you be incredulous, ask my Ningle *Credit.*

*Fee.* No, no, ile take your word, as you shall mine, you are a  
 peice of dam'd impiety, sent but to teach the world Idolatry: the  
 Pealants wisdome, the vain Citties Pride, the Milers luxury, the  
 only guide to Fools and worldlings, you were made to shew  
 Hell's broadest entrance.

*Cap.* Think not I am a patient Auditor, I am not passive cause I  
 dare not Act, but keep your breath till I am charg'd with it, nor  
 then prepare for stormes as violent, as the just Heavens shower  
 upon impious Seamen after black imprecations.

*Cred.* Bless me these words are worse then sympathize or con-  
 cur, what do you mean Sir.

*Clutch.* Now it works --- are ye at difference Gentlemen.

*Fee.* If ever you had fear, express it now be not so ignorant  
 as to believe, I will not vindicate that Ladies Honour, you by  
 your guilded witchcraft have deprived, tell me you Chaos of  
 confusion, what Negromancy from Gehenna brought, wrought  
 this white innocence unto a deed, black, as your forded entrails!

*Clutch.* Son Money, what's the matter.

*Money.* Alas I know not Sir (oh curst *Callumy*) what is  
 your will Sir, with me?

*Capt.* Thou hast by Magick and Prestigious Charms Effusinated  
 such a Noble Creature, that all Excrutiations, Hell invents will  
 be too sweet a Guerden for the deed.

*Cred.* The wonderful words of man, if I know what he means  
 more then I tell would I were burn'd pray Sir be plainer.

*Clutch,* How go the Squares Son *Credit*, draw, draw.

*Fea.* Keep my swords length  
Sir, they are past a Rescue, you  
ought to be my Agent in this Causē.

*To the Captain, then  
to Feather.*

*Mo.* My purpose is to make amends with Marriage.

*Fea.* Is that my satisfaction, Know sir by oath she was contracted  
mine, and had not violated that decree, but by some (Hell  
wrought) witchcraft, therefore knowv no vway but this, shall right  
me—if you think brief repentance can obtain abatements in your  
Torments, take your time, I vvill attend some minutes.

*The Captains offer to run  
at Credit.*

*Cred.* Oh hold, take my confession she is (for ought I knowv more  
Man then vwoman, if ever I toucht more then hand, or—lip—  
Cadeedlo, there's my oath, my undoing oath, may I not thrive  
vvithout honesty.

*Cap.* But are you serious.

*Cred.* Hang me if I be not.

*Mo.* You may believe these oaths.

*Enter Clutch*

*Fea.* Knowv Sir, vve are ingaged to your daughters, and vvill  
our Contracts Consumate vvith speed. But your consent is sold,  
to those that shall but little by it

*Enter Felixina and Feminia.*

*Mo.* Since you have of this, craft and that I see the vwomen are  
Auditors, vveel resign our intrest up, in/oy the fruit of your ill  
labour'd brain.

*Fea.* Do you hear this Sir.

*Clutch.* But are my daughters contented.

*Felix.* Sir happiness, and these are so nere kin : enjoying them  
all happiness is ours, and pray Sir tell me, you that durst lay  
claim to that Pure Maides prize bove all earthly treasure, hath  
my tongue, ever been so vile to vovv any affection to you, clear  
me, and your self.

*Mo.* You might have been so vvise.

*Fem.* And you Sir, like an Image in black Chalk vhat vovvs,  
or oaths can you lay claim to novv, more then Cadeedlo.

*Cred.* Oh that Cadeedlo—that had been enough for any Chri-  
sten'd vwoman to have svvorn.

*Clutch*

*Clutch*, Well since 'tis thus, and that you are well agreed  
marry my Daughters, take my Blessings with them, be witness  
all.

Enter *Callumney*.

*Cal.* Oh curst attonement, terror to mine eyes is all my p-  
ting projects come to this confusion separate your conjunctions.

*Clutch*, What my true Servant *Callumney*, give me thy hand, thou  
man of discontent, what think you of my eldest daughter now sir--  
you must hatch projects then— ha; look, look, see if Mr. *Gold*, and  
Mr. *Jewel* have not prevail'd, *Mony* and *Credit* were but shallow  
Lovers, — Sirrah — sirrah, have I not riches in abundance,  
*Money* and *Credit*, *Gold* and *Jewel*.

*Cal.* May thy *Gold*, (moulten choak thee.

*Clutch*, Not yet *Callumney*, not yet,---- pretthy be more chari-  
table, thou shal have my eldest daughter.

*Fee.* Spawn of iniquity, whose infectious breath carries more  
horror to the bearers Ears, then doth the sentence of just Rad-  
manath, unto the black offenders— what is this Lady fasse, spit  
out your gall, and tell me.

*Cal.* If she be not, she's not to old to learn, too learn, and as  
young stock, as you may have a Graft, the City keeps a Nursery  
thank the Court Gardners.

*Fee.* How durst thou speake thus.

*Cal.* Oh good Sir, Fools and Cynicks, talk by Pattem, I am a  
fool or you had gone to wrack, with your fair brides (that must  
be) weak hearted Gentlemen wher's your estates, you were all,  
deluded Prisoners, you shall betill the Devil's dead, (my good  
old Master, and after (too) unless some Prodigal succeed him  
which is the best your hopes can promise.

*Clutch*, Come Gentlemen mind him not, all he can do is rail,  
will you to Church, these my obligatory Gentlemen, shall be  
the witness to your sacred contract.

*Both.* We are content

*Mo.* I do not envy much, my couzen *Gold* by birth doth claim  
presedency of me-- Let him enjoy it,

Cred. I yeild so too, Jewel commands his Credit.

• Fea. We thank you Gentlemen, and are ingaged to your sub-limed vertues. they discover

Clutch, How now what's this.

Cap. Nothing Sir, but the Golds uncurrant.

Fea. And the Jewel's counterfeit.

Mo. Hath Featherbrain.

Cred. And Pennyless.

Clutch, Daughters these are Counterfeits, shake um off , these are, nor Gold nor Jewel—how am I couzened.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Fem. As true as I live Sister , they are handomer men now their beards are off, by ten parts (bethrew me Sir) we will not part from them, for all this, I love a counterfeit Jewel as well as ere a Lady in the Land.

Felix. Ye have the writings.

Fea. I, I warrant thee wench.

Clutch, Say you so too.

Felix. Yes truly Sir, I am of my Sisters mind.

Fea. The writings Sir are firm, Pray think upon the Covenants.

Cap. You shall have honest dealing of us, we will perform.

Clutch, Why these were your men.

Fea. Yes truly Gentlemen, we spoke, and pleaded for you.

Mo. They are two Prodigals, his name is Featherbrain , his Pennyless.

Clutch, Featherbrain, (passion of my heart) his name I do (almost) remember, have not I a morgage of yours Sir.

Fea. Yes truly Father, and I hope you'l return it when I have married your Daughter.

Clutch, Hell and vexation on you.

Clutch, Oh do not curse, do not curse, we'l prove true blades, nere fear it.

Cal. Oh for a couple of daughters more. in his ear.

Clutch, Hell take thee for a Jewel, how am I cheated set on by spend-thrifts, whose licentious games wast in a year , more then their Ancestors got in five ages.

Fea. Come rail not on us, nor disturb your thoughts, what we have been we are not, poverty the Prodigals excretiation , hath been

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been a Caveat to admonith us, how being blest agen (as now we  
are) we spend our time in such loose revellings.

Mo. I would but cannot grieve, I know'tis fit,  
Money like danger, ought, to be us'd by Wit.  
And my presaging soul, tells me that he.  
Will use his wealth as wise men industry.

Cred. I cannot speak in Golden Numbers, like my Ningle  
Money, but I mean as well, let that pray have acceptance.

Clutch, I never had (in my life) a fit so strange as this which in  
my besome operates me thinks that these attonements please me  
well, and all the world could not periwade my mind, to better  
choyces, than my Daughters make, accept them pray, with them  
my most of wealth.

Ambo. We thank you Sir.

Clutch, Come lets to Church, you Callumney I banish, you were  
my evil Jenius prompted me to deeds most vile.

Which now I do repent, and now let's in,  
And may the end crown what we now begin.

## F I N I S.

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### Books lately Printed for, and Sold by Fra. Kirkman.

The English Rogné described in the life of Meriton Latroon, a Witty Extravaganç: being a compleat discovrey of the most eminent cheats of both sexes.

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